

Descensus Astrææ.

THE DEVICE

of a Pageant, borne before M.

William Web, Lord Maior of the Citie
of London on the day he tooke

*his oath, being the 29. of
October. 1591.*

*Whereunto is annexed A Speech delivered by one clad like
a Sea Nymph, who presented a Pineffe on the water branc-
lyrigd and mand, to the Lord Maior, at the time
he tooke Barge to go to Westminster.*

Done by G. F. Cole Master of Arts in Oxford.



Printed for William Wright.





The Presenters Speech.

SEE louely Lords, and you my Lord behold
 How Time hath turnd his restles wheele about
 And made the siluer moone: & heauens bright
 Gallop the Zodiacke and end the yere (eie
 Whose reuolution now begets a new
 The daies that haue created and confirmd
 A worthie Gouvernor for Londons good,
 To vnderbeare vnder his Soueraignes swaie
 Vnpartiall Iustice beame, and weau'd a Web
 For your content, and her command in all,
 You Citizens of this Metapolis
 Whose honor and whose oath to gratulate
 Lordings behold what Emblem I present.

Astraea daughter of the immortall Ioue,
 Great Ioue defender of this antient towne,
 Descended of the Troian Brutus line:
 Offspring of that couragious conquering king.
 Whose pure renown, hath pierced the worlds large
 In golden scrolls, rowling about the heauens (eares,
 Celestiall sacred Nymph, that tendes her flocke
 With watchfull eyes, and keep this fount in peace:
 Garded with Graces, and with gracious traines,
 Vertues diuine, and giftes incomparable.

Nor lets blind superstitious ignorance,
 Corrupt so pure a spring: O happie times

A 2

That

That do beget such calme and quiet daies,
Where sheepe & shepheard breath in such content.

Honor attends hir throne, in hir bright eies
Sits Maieftie: Vertue, and Stedfastnesse
Possesse hir hart, sweete mercy swaies hir sword.
Her champion armed with resolution,
Sits at her feete to chastise Malecontentes,
That threat hir honors wracke. And Time & Kinde
Produce hir yeares to make them numberlesse
While Fortune for hir seruice and hir sake,
With golden hands doth strengthen and enrich
The Web that they for faire *Astraea* weaue.
Long may she liue, long may she gouernevs
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres
Our faire *Astraea*, our *Pandora* faire,
Our faire *Eliza*, or *Zabeta* faire.

Sweet *Cynthias* darling, beauteous *Cyprias* peere
As decre to England and true English hartes,
As *Pompey* to the Citizens of Rome:
As mercifull as *Cesar* in his might.
As mightie as the Macedonian king,
Or Trojan *Hector*, terror to the Gree es.

Goddesse liue long, whose honors we aduance,
Strengthen thy neighbours, propagate thine owne:
Guide well thy helme, lay thine annointed hand
To build the temple of triumphant Trueth,
That while thy subiects draw their peace fro thee,
Thy friends with ayd of armes may succor'd be.

Astraea with hir sheepehook on the top of the pageant.

Feed on my flocke among the glad some greene
Where heauenly *Nectar* flowes about the banckes.

Such

Such pastures are not common to be scene,
 Pay to immortall *Ioue* immortall thanks :
 For what is good fro heauens hic throne doth fall.
 And heauens great Architect be praised for all.

Superstition. A Friar sitting by the fountaine.

Stirre Priest, and with thy beades poyson this
 I tell thee all is banefull that I bring. (spring,

Ignorance. A Priest.

It is in vaine hir eye keepes me in awe,
 Whole heart is purely fixed on the law :
 The holy law, and bootlesse we contend,
 While this chaste nimph, this fountaine doth defend,

Euphrosyne.

Whilom when *Saturnes* golden raigne did cease,
 and yron age had kindled cruel warres:
 Enuie in wrath, perturbing common peace,
 engendring cancred hate and bloody iarres :
 Lo then *Olympus* king, the thundring *Ioue*,
 raught hence this gracious nymp *Astrea* faire,
 Now once againe he sends hir from aboue,
 descended through the sweete transparent aire:
 And heere she sits in beautie fresh and sheene,
 Shadowing the person of a peerelesse Queene.

Aglia.

A peerelesse Queene, a Royall princely dame,
 Enrol in register of eternall fame.

Thalia.

(head,

The Graces through their balme about hir sacred
 Whose gouernment hir realms true happines hath

Charitie.

(bred.

That happinesse continue in her land,
 Great Israels God, spring of all heauenly peace:

And let thine angels in her reskew stand,
 With hir liues wane done Englands ioyes decreafe
 O let hir princely daies neuer haue fine,
 Whose vertues are immortall and deuine.

Hope.

Such vertues as her throne do beautifie,
 And make hir honors mount and skale the skie.

Faith.

Where hope of hir eternall blisse doth rest,
 Conceaued in hir sweete & sacred brest.

Honor.

With radiant beames, reflecting on the earth,
 Euen from the snowie browes of Albion,
 Beyond the vtmost verge of Christendome,
 As bright as is the burning lampe of heauen,
 Shineth my mistresse honor, in whose fame
 The heathen carrols sing and all admire,
 From Icy Tanais to the seuensfold Nyle,
 Her glorie that commands this Westerne Ile.

Champion.

In whose defence my colours I aduance,
 And girt me with my sword, and shake my lance:
 These Brittain Lions rampant in this field,
 That neuer learned in battails rage to yeeld:
 Breath terror to the proud aspiring foe,
 Ranging the world commanding where they go.
 Therefore in vaine this misproud Malecontent,
 Threatens hir state whose harms the heauens preuēt
 Sit safe sweet Nymph among thy harmlesse sheep,
 Thy sacred person angels haue in keep.

1. Male

1. Malecontent.

What meaneth this, I striue and cannot strike,
 She is preferued by myracle belike:
 If so then, wherefore threaten we in vaine,
 That Queene, whose cause the gracious heauens

2. Malecontent.

(maintain,

No maruell then although we faint and quaile,
 For mightie is the truth and will preuaile.

In the hinder part of the Pageant did sit a Child, representing Nature, holding in her hand a distaffe, & spinning a Web, which passed through the hand of Fortune and was wheeled up by Time, who spake as followeth.

Time.

Thus while my wheele with euer turning gyres,
 At heauens hie heast serues earthly mens desires,
 I wind the Web that kinde so well beginnes:
 While Fortune doth enrich what Nature spinnes.
A speech on the water deliuered in the morning at my
Lord Maiors going to Westminster.

Lift gentle Lords, and bubling streame be still
 And whistling windes your angrie murmur cease
 Let *Thetis* Nymph vnfold the goddesses heft:
 Behold imbarckt thus brauely as you see,
 Laden with treasure and with precious ore
 From where in Tellus veynes the parching sunne,
 Doth gold and glittering minerals create,
 Are come these strangers louingly inflamde
 To gratulate to you my louely Lord.
 This glad some day wherein your honors spring.
 And by the barre that thwarts this siluer streame,
 Euen to the beauteous verge of *Troynonant*

That

That deckes this Thamesis on eyther side,
 Thus farre these friendes haue pierced, & all by me;
 Salute your honour and your companie.
 Thrice worthy *Prætor* of this auncient towne.
 The mortar of these walles tempered in peace,
 Yet holdes the building sure, as are the sprigges
 Wouen from the spreading roote in knottie boxe.
 Labour fayre Lord as other Maiors of yore
 To beutine this citie with desertes.
 So wisht these friendly strangers, man by man
 Passe with aduise ment to receiue thy oth :
 Keepe it inuiolate for thy soueraignes hope,
 Vertues pure mirror, Londons great mistresse,
 Vnsheath the sword committed to thy swaie,
 With mercifull regard of euery cause.
 So go in peace happie by sea and land,
 Guided by grace, and heauens immortal hand.

FINIS.



